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BULLETIN

OF THE

College of
William and Mary
Williamsburg, Virginia.



COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

NEW PROFESSORS

ADDRESS OF JOHN FINLEY, LL. D.
New York



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Commencement Exercises

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

JUNE, 1913

The final exercises of the session of 1912-1913 began June 8, with the Baccalaureate sermon preached by Rev. J. Emmerson Hicks, of the First Baptist Church of Danville, Virginia. The academic procession led by President Tyler was impressive and, despite the bad weather, a good audience attended.

On Monday night, June 9th, the Philomathean Literary Society held its public exercises. Mr. Robert C. Warburton presided, and at the conclusion Professor W. P. Clark on behalf of the judges awarded the orator's medal to Mr. P. L. Witchley and the debater's medal to Mr. John Huffines.

On Tuesday night, June 10th, the Phoenix Society held its public exercises. James Foster Barnes presided and at the conclusion the judges awarded the orator's medal to Mr. Alexander Bradowski, of New York, and the debater's medal to Mr. Charles Harmon Schepmoes.

On Tuesday morning the chapel was packed to listen to an educational address from Dr. Samuel B. McCormick, Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh. Following his address, a portrait of Tazewell Taylor, formerly bursar for many years of the College, was unveiled in the library. The presentation speech was made by his grandson, Tazewell Taylor, Esq., of Norfolk, and the acceptance speech by Hon. J. N. Stubbs, Vice-Rector of the Board of Visitors.

On Wednesday in the morning occurred the senior class celebration, and in the evening the alumni celebration, the orator being Mr. Oscar Lane Shewmake.

Thursday, June 12th, was the closing day of the session. At 11 A. M. Mr. Gaillard Hunt, chief of the Department of Archives

in the Library of Congress, delivered the Baccalaureate address, and this was followed by the award of the academic degrees, and at the conclusion the honorary degree of LL. D. was bestowed upon Mr. Hunt.

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

JUNE, 1914

The final exercises opened up with the usual Baccalaureate sermon preached by Rt. Rev. Beverley D. Tucker in the chapel Sunday morning, June 7th. The sermon was able, and the music excellent.

On Monday night the two societies held a contest for debater's medal, and at the conclusion the judges awarded the honor to the Philomathean Society, and on Tuesday night an intersociety contest in declamation and oratory occurred. At the conclusion the judges awarded the declaimer's medal to Mr. H. R. Van Horn, of the Phoenix Society, and the orator's to Mr. W. M. Grimsley, also of the Phoenix Society.

The celebration of the senior class occurred on Tuesday morning, and the unveiling of a mural tablet in the main corridor of the College building to the memory of those students and professors who left the College in April, 1861, to enter the Confederate army was an attractive feature of Wednesday evening.

Wednesday morning, June 10th, Dr. J. Y. Joyner, Superintendent of Schools for the State of North Carolina, delivered a very interesting address on education. At night the alumni held their celebration and listened to an address from J. S. Barron on the Criminal Law, after which there was an informal smoker held in the library.

The closing exercises occurred on Thursday. In the morning Hon. Howard R. Bayne, of New York, delivered the Baccalaureate address, which was followed by the usual bestowal by President Tyler of the honors and diplomas to the graduating students. At night the usual final ball was had at the gymnasium building.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF JUNE, 1915

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THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

JUNE, 1916

The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered in the College chapel on Sunday, June 4th, by Rev. A. M. Fraser, D. D. There was a fine attendance and the sermon was excellent. On Monday evening the Inter-Society contest in debate was held, and on Tuesday evening the oratorical and declamation contests. In the morning of the latter day occurred the senior class celebration.

On Wednesday morning, June 7th, John W. Finley, President of the University of the State of New York, made an excellent educational address, which was followed at night by the alumni celebration at which G. A. Dovell spoke. This was followed by a reception and smoker at the library building.

On Thursday, June 8th, at 11 A. M., Hon. Martin W. Williams made the Baccalaureate address, which was followed by the delivering to the graduates of prizes and diplomas. The week was one of gaiety. The Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity had a german on Monday night, the Kappa Alpha a german on Tuesday night, the Theta Delta Chi a german on Wednesday night, and the annual ball took place on Thursday night.

Impressive ceremonies marked the unveiling on Wednesday, June 7th, of a marble tablet stating the "Priorities" of the College. It was presented to the College by the local branch of the Virginia Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. Robert M. Hughes of Norfolk, Rector of the Board of Visitors, made a speech of acceptance. In addition to this, a second tablet of bronze was unveiled in the chapel to the memory of Dr. William Dawson, President of the College from 1749-1756. This tablet was the gift of Dr. Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia.

New Professors

The Board of Visitors in June, 1916, elected the following professors:

ERNEST JACKSON OGLESBY, to the Chair of Mathematics, made vacant by the death of Professor Thomas Jefferson Stubbs November 17, 1915.

JOSEF ROY GEIGER, Professor of Philosophy, to succeed Professor George O. Ferguson, resigned.

DONALD WALTON DAVIS, Professor of Biology, supply for Professor John W. Ritchie, who is on leave of absence.

ERNEST JACKSON OGLESBY was born in Wythe County, Virginia, September 11, 1891. He received his B. A. from Emory and Henry College 1911, and his M. A. from the University of Virginia, 1914. He was instructor in mathematics at Emory and Henry Summer School, 1910 and 1911; and taught mathematics and science in Walker County High School, Jasper, Alabama, 1911-1912; and was a graduate student and instructor in mathematics at the University of Virginia, 1912-1916. Mr. Oglesby is a member of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, Mathematical Association of America, American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Raven Society, Zeta Psi Fraternity, and Phi Beta Kappa Society.

JOSEF ROY GEIGER was born in Ocala, Florida, October 10, 1887. He received his early education in the public schools. Later he attended Furman University, Greenville, South Carolina, 1906-1909, at the end of which time he received his bachelor's degree. During the scholastic years of 1909-1911, he taught in Columbia College, Lake City, Florida. In 1911-1912 he was graduate student in John B. Stetson University, DeLand, Florida, at the end of which time he received the degree of Master

of Arts. The next year he was again instructor in Columbia College. In the fall of 1913 he entered the University of Chicago, where he remained until taking his doctor's degree, 1916. During the year 1915-1916 he was a fellow in the Department of Philosophy, and during the latter part of this year was an assistant in the Department of Philosophy. In August, 1916, he accepted an appointment to the professorship of philosophy and psychology in the College of William and Mary.

DONALD WALTON DAVIS is a native of Chester County, Pennsylvania. He is a graduate of the class of 1900 of the West Chester (Penn.) State Normal School. He taught for two years in secondary schools before going to Harvard College, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1905. During the academic year 1905-06 he was assistant in zoology at the University of California; and in the following summer he served as naturalist at the laboratory of the Marine Biological Association of San Diego, now the biological station of the University of California. At the latter place he was chiefly engaged in the collection and exhibition of specimens representative of the marine fauna of the region. At the close of this summer he became technical assistant to Professor E. B. Wilson, head of the Department of Zoology in Columbia University, and while serving in this capacity took some courses in the department. From 1907 to 1909 Mr. Davis was professor of biology at Sweet Briar College, Virginia, which position he resigned in the latter year to accept an appointment as instructor in zoology in Radcliffe College, carrying with it opportunity for graduate work in Harvard University. His graduate studies, which included research work in zoology and in genetics, resulted in the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in February, 1913. In 1912 he became assistant professor of zoology in Clark College, Worcester, Mass. He resigned this position in 1914 to become professor of biology in DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., and was serving in the latter capacity in the summer session of 1916 when appointed to take charge of the Department of Biology at William and Mary during the leave of absence of Professor Ritchie. Dr. Davis spent several summers in the

service of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, being chiefly occupied on the marine biological survey of the region about Woods Hole, Mass. He is a member of the American Association for Advancement of Science, of the Corporation of the Marine Biological Laboratory, and of the scientific honor society, Sigma Xi. Outside of his special field he is interested in all phases of scientific work, in various educational problems, and in social organizations for community welfare.

Improvements

By authority of the Board of Visitors, a committee consisting of Robert M. Hughes, rector of the Board of Visitors; Lyon G. Tyler, President of the College; and W. C. L. Taliaferro, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board, appeared before the finance committees of the legislature at its last session and set forth the needs of the College. As a result, the legislature voted to raise the annuity of the College from \$40,000 to \$45,000, and made a special appropriation of \$30,000 for improvements. The board took prompt action to avail themselves of this increase, and during the summer erected on the campus a large brick dormitory, which was named "Tyler Dormitory," in honor of the present president and his forbears so long and intimately connected with the institution.

Educational Address

*Delivered Before the Faculty and Students of the College of William
and Mary June 7, 1916*

BY JOHN FINLEY, LL. D.

President of the University of the State of New York

MOBILIZATION

In the now historic summer of 1914, I visited Oxford University two or three weeks before the war came on, and Cambridge University as many weeks after it had begun. At Oxford I found the calm of the cloister. There were memorials of poets, scholars, statesmen, princes and soldiers, dim with years, and there were ancient academic conventions that paid no heed to the passing customs of the world outside. But at Cambridge—Cambridge which but a month or six weeks before had been as Oxford—the town was filled with men in khaki. Thirty thousand “territorials” were encamped there. They marched through the streets. They rowed on the river Cam. They washed the dust from their faces in its waters. One of the colleges, Trinity, which I most wished to see, was closed in preparation for use as a hospital. Here and there I saw a don in learning’s costume, and at the inn I heard a few students discussing matters of philosophy or science—but for the rest the glory of the school of Newton and of Milton was forgotten in the rough preparation for the grim game of war in the “sodden fields of Flanders.”

I have, however, one clear Cambridge memory that was not of this preparedness. In St. John’s College, through which I wandered alone, I found on the walls of the dining hall, where it could look out into the street, the portrait of one of her sons who has written what Augustine Birrell has called the greatest satire on modern life since *Gulliver’s Travels*—a portrait which the

author had painted of himself before he went off to the sheep ranches of Australia. It was a portrait of Samuel Butler, whose book *Erewhon* described a land where criminals were treated as sick and sick as criminals, where there were "Colleges of Unreason," colleges in which students were promoted for excellence in vagueness and were plucked for insufficient trust in printed matter, colleges in which the principal professorships were those of Inconsistency and Evasion, and the principal courses those in hypotheticals, conducted in a hypothetical language; colleges in which mediocrity was fostered and intellectual overindulgence was looked upon as one of the most insidious and disgraceful forms of excess; colleges whose graduates almost invariably suffered from atrophy of individual opinions, and eventually became "stone dead to everything except the more superficial aspects of the material objects with which they came in contact."

I wondered why the Cambridge mother let this portrait of the handsome, dreamful young man, who became in age the bitter satirist of heavy figure, hang on her college walls, to mock her classical disciplines and her seemingly unpractical courses, her cloistered ways, and her worship of the past. Many a New World university might covet his presence to countenance its practicality, its modernity, its academic freedom, its adventurous scholarship, and its fearlessness of mind.

But to-day the youthful portrait is hanging on a hall almost deserted. The students of courses which he called "hypothetical" and "atrophying" have gone forth to prove the valor of their cloistered and unpractical learning.

At our commencement season of the year, twelve months ago, there was published in the *London Times* a summary of the enlistments of the men of the several Cambridge colleges who had entered the war. Their names filled a book of seventy pages and showed a known total of 8,850 men, 236 of whom had been killed and 423 wounded—an appalling mortality, due, it is claimed, to the exposed position which many of these men as platoon commanders assumed. Ninety were mentioned in dispatches for bravery, 18 won the military cross, and 18 more won still higher distinction. Since then the enlistments have grown and the mortality has maintained its heroic percentage.

And there are as brave figures to put beside these from Oxford—Oxford, who, as one has said, “hardly dares to count her dead”: in November, 8,500 in the army, 600 killed, 75 missing. Add to this the record of the smaller colleges: University of London, which has furnished over 2,000 officers; Manchester, 680 officers and a very large number of men in the ranks; Sheffield, 550; Leeds, almost 1,000 officers and men, including 415 officers; Bristol, 330 officers, with 500 more in training; Edinburgh, 3,769 officers and men (where I saw an awkward squad training in the quadrangle); Glasgow, 2,300, between 300 and 400 working in munition plants and over 100 women in, or preparing for, medical service; University College of Wales, 365; Dublin University, 1,500 officers and men from Trinity alone, and the 85 public “schools,” such as Eton, Winchester, Harrow, nearly half a hundred thousand officers and men, and what a stirring record it is!

But even more stirring and more significant of the spirit of learning in its ancient seats is a paragraph accompanying this record in the *Times* of valorous service of learning’s volunteers in the field, a paragraph which tells that a complete list of the members of Cambridge University has recently been compiled, stating the service which each resident member feels he can most usefully offer, and that the numerous laboratories at Cambridge have been placed at the disposal of the government, with a clear and succinct statement of the work each laboratory can do best to promote that end for which the armies are fighting in the trenches. “Cambridge has mobilized herself,” says the announcement, and in this has she set the example, not of supreme, unquestioning, passive self-abnegation, but of supreme, purposeful, aggressive self-oblation.

And thus has an old and technical military word leaped to a universal and an exalted use in the world’s vocabulary. Between the Oxford and the Cambridge visits, in the first days of August, mobilization, in one language or another, in its substantive form, or its verb relative, came suddenly to be the first word in Europe’s speech. It was on every lip, in the awed whispers of women and children or the hurrying preparations of men. “In France,” one has reported, “the days of the week and

of the month do not exist. A new calendar is created." It takes its dates from the first day of "mobilization." And "mobilization" has even come into the vocabulary of our people, most of whom had never heard the word except in its Wall Street use, connoting the putting of wealth or corporate securities into circulation.

In the evening of the day that war was declared in England I traveled from London to Folkstone in a compartment with men who were units in that great European mobilization—six or seven Frenchmen and a Russian who had lived in England going back to their own colors. With them and hundreds more I crossed the Channel to Boulogne in the night. Next morning I saw a thousand men in uniforms along the quay, quietly, seriously standing there, with their glinting guns at parade rest, awaiting orders. It could not have been more than a half hour later that I came again to the quay, but found it empty save for the fishwives. The soldiers had disappeared as if by magic. At Abbeville I saw a thousand more, and the railroad station was already strewn with straw for the wounded that might be borne back. As I walked to Dieppe in the night I stopped to ask the way at a peasant's cottage, and the father and mother were, so I suspected, sitting up to make ready for their son's going. In the early morning I saw a young officer leaving a roadside cafe, and when I entered both mother and wife were still in tears. In Dieppe the peasants were there before me with their commandeered horses and carts; and, already, seemingly heartless inspectors were assigning them to this or that service. In Paris it was the same, except that the horses were motors, and one, whose limousine was taken said: "I've given three sons to France. It is little enough to add that."

And when I got back to England and Scotland it was the same. I saw the Cameronians following their pipes one day, their sporrans showing; the next day they were off, no one knew where. The pipes were silent and khaki covered their sporrans to protect them when the men had to crawl in the fields.

This mobilization was a sudden transformation from a peace footing to a war footing, as we say it technically, but it was something far more significant. It was a mobilization of spirit, the

sudden forgetting of one's self-concerns and private belongings for a selfless service. In many instances, I am told, men did sudden forgetting of one's self-concerns and private belongings not even go to their homes from their offices, shops, or factories when the call came. They went straight to the places of rendezvous and let their returned peace garments bear witness of their going. It was because of this sudden going that I saw on the morning of the fifth of August, when dawn awakened all Europe to war, only old men and women and children in the harvest fields of France.

The mobilization was swift, complete, self-denying, heroic. It was as if a spirit had swept across fields, through factory and street, from the Urals to the ocean, and cried: "If any man forsake not father or mother, wife and child, and follow me, he is none of mine."

For the essence of mobilization is not mere mobility; it is mobility with a clear, common, self-disciplined purpose and destination.

A few years ago in a Phi Beta Kappa address I followed man through his development from a lower to a higher state of mobility, from feet to wings (even as Maeterlinck traces the struggle in the plant to escape from immobility to mobility, from roots to feet), traced him from the peri-Nikian into a tele-Victorian age, in which the far has been conquered, and I found in that higher mobility the opportunity for the higher development of man's spirit.

Mere mobility is only the opportunity. It may mean, after all, only vagrancy. Mobilization is purposeful, organized, destined, collective mobility. National mobilization means the liberation and effective use of every latent force—natural, economic, social, spiritual—that a nation has. It means the elimination of every waste: the "conspicuous waste" of the rich, the wastes of national vices, the wastes of inefficient government, the wastes of class struggle, and the supreme waste of unutilized talent and genius. The two words "mobilization" and "mob" are the same in origin. The mob was the *mobile vulgus*. "Mobilization" is the process by which the "mob" becomes transfigured into something which is beyond the sum

of its individuals, into a fleshless thing, as when all the members of a human body become spirit in the utterance of some divine word or the doing of some heroic deed.

And it should be noted, too, that we have restricted the word "military" to a narrow, technical use. We ought to carry it again to its old, Sanscrit significance, when it meant an "association," a "moving together."

The whole problem of society, generically, is to determine to what degree the mobility of the individual shall be restrained, predestinated, and merged in the aim of all the collectivity.

When a boy, out on the prairies, I used to hear the farmers, at the church door after Sunday service, discuss free moral agency and predestination by an omniscient God. We hear no more of that. Our discussions now have narrower horizons and relate for the most part to free financial agency and occupational predestination or vocational guidance under a finite terrestrial government, which can not always predict accurately even tomorrow's weather.

And the great question now being debated by shell and shrapnel, bomb and torpedo, on the other side of the water seems objectively to be as to whether a highly organized, imperiously directed system of individual predestination shall prevail in the earth; or whether there shall be a social system under which individuals shall enjoy mobility, personal liberty in a great state, but shall, at times, *all* be called to certain civic activities in which the idea of service to the state is put above every consideration of self, and shall be ready at all times, at any moment of need, to make the response.

One of my companions on the night of August 4th was a French maker of meerschaum pipes who lived in London—and proud he was of his occupation, for he did not make ordinary pipes. He had closed his shop in London and was going to find his uniform and outfit at Rouen. He was most courteous and helpful to me, serious and quiet in conversation, making no complaint of sacrifice, making no boast of patriotism; he even admitted a bit of fear in expressing the hope that whatever happened it would not with him come to bayonets.

This unquestioning, unhesitating, unboastful response to a

call which involved the loss of one's own business or fortune or comfort, and might mean loss of life even, gives a concrete illustration of what I mean by the mobility of personal freedom and initiative co-existent with a readiness to be mobilized by a nation's aspiration or even a community's need.

I translate this experience into the terms of our everyday life, and I make it graphic to myself by thinking that every man has an imaginary uniform (as every German soldier and French soldier had in waiting his green-gray or his blue-and-red uniform), an imaginary uniform of his own measurements always in readiness in home or shop or office or in some public locker, that he may don at call of his community, state, or nation, or perhaps at world-need: when under compulsion he goes to vote, to pay his taxes, to fight against dishonesty, inefficiency, or waste, to inform himself upon public questions, or upon his public duties, just as one studies tactics in order to help in his country's defense, or goes to school as an alien to learn the language and institutions of a new land, or joins his neighbors in promoting the health of his community, in conserving resources, in securing means of healthful recreation for children and youth, in improving the highways—when, in short, he performs any one of a hundred offices that are required of him as an efficient unit in an organized society. I am to-day a maker of meerschaum pipes, a peasant gathering my harvest, a college professor (as young Boutrous, once a Princeton teacher, now serving his France), a surgeon (as Carrel, once in a great laboratory here, the recipient of the Nobel Prize, now serving his France in a hospital near the front); tomorrow I slip on this invisible garment and I am a selfless, nameless, numbered patriot. And the next day I am working at my delicate pipes again, back in my field, or at my desk, or in my private laboratory—that is, if I am not killed or wounded in battle or suffocated in the trenches.

I think it vital that we should keep personal mobility—I mean, of course, mobility of mind, of struggle, of initiative, of enterprise, freedom to express the individual soul through its self-imposed struggle. That is in itself a precious thing. But, I repeat, there must be with it a frequent, habituated co-ordination of these freedoms, an mobilization by the common ideals, by

the national needs, the purposes of a community—a movement in which the individual completely forgets himself.

There must be the magic garment in every man's wardrobe, whose weaving must be begun in childhood or youth, which will take him outside of himself and his selfish interests, however worthy they may be.

This is the social scheme through which the state is to have the fullest value of individual potencies, and yet is not to suffer from individual liberties. It is the only practicable way for a democracy, between hard, intemperate individualism, on the one hand, and a socialism which would require permanent wearing of uniforms by all on the other.

The Scotch used to have a custom which they called "beating the marches." Yearly the inhabitants of a borough (or whatever the territorial division was) used to assemble and follow its boundaries, that they might keep them in mind and accurately know what they had to defend. If we could but do that for every community, and with as serious and solemn a purpose!

And war's prime lesson is to teach us, even in the seclusion of our universities, to be mindful of our national marches, and not to be thinking alone of our little patches of literature, our private shooting preserves of science or art, or even of the cottages which are our homes.

For I am thinking that what Maeterlinck said of the plants must be true of human beings: the genius of the species, that indefinable, mysterious, upward longing of the race, will somehow save us from the stupidity, the failure, the error of the individual.

There is something, however, even more precious than the genius of the human species; it is the genius of the variety, the spirit of that complex of ideals, habits, beliefs and institutions that marks off nation from nation, people from people, that gives each people its soul. But it is also through the competitions of these varieties that the human species is ultimately to be enriched.

All those who have watched with seeing eyes and understanding minds the sublime, though terrible, drama enacted in Europe have reported, not that nations are being decimated or destroyed, but that new and greater nations are being born.

Nation after nation rises to unexampled heights of self-sacrifice, arduous toil, simple living, and uncomplaining dying. The spiritual as well as the material life of the nations at war is being transmuted into something different and more precious. Industry is reorganized on the basis of service to the state instead of on a basis of personal profit and loss. Scholarship, as we have seen, leaves its monastic calm to offer its power to the state. Medicine, and, indeed, all the sciences are mobilized. The able-bodied of the nation are in or near the trenches, but, at a distance, fight, too, the women, the old men, and the children; not on battlefields, it is true, but in factory, grain field, office, workshop, or hospital, with a consciousness that they are plowing, reaping, nursing, serving, sacrificing, suffering, for the very thing for which the men are (in war's garments and with its weapons) fighting on the red borders.

This thought of the transfiguration of European nations may seem at first only an idealization of the actual, especially when we come to see the details of such a mobilization here at our own doors; but this view is the calm report of the journalist and the close observer. It is the real.

The warfare on the edges is hellish, but from it there leads a path, as that which Dante found leading out of the Inferno, a path "discovered, not by sight," but by the "sound of rivulet," a rivulet of blood that trickles along the hidden way by which is to be reached the pure air of democracy's purgatorial struggle.

The spirit which has walked through this hell in Europe is the Guide to the super-state which our own country is even now so anxiously seeking, for it is indeed searching for the way of salvation from its inefficiencies of government, from its multi-form public and private wastes, from its crass materialisms, from its class hatreds, from its ignorances and its intemperances.

We as a people shall have to compete, when this war is over, with peoples who have been purified as by fire. There will be a new England in the bounds of the old England. France! France will never even by her enemies be anywhere spoken of or thought of as decadent. And if we are to rise to the struggle of that exalted competition, we must take lesson of their "mobilization" of spirit, which has attended the mobilization of armies.

Let us "mobilize," for defense first of that through which we can alone express the ideals of the new world, the nation itself, but beyond that, beyond the mere preservation and perpetuation of its life, mobilize for the assurance of the nobility of that life which we are prepared to defend.

In peace the connection between learning and the need of the state becomes obscure and indirect and impersonal, but to-day one sees illustrated in even the most venerable and conservative institutions the dependence of the state on that learning which has been the target of the practical men, but which has now come to shame the "slacker" and lead where the need is most perilous. No one doubts that if the same calls come out of the bomb-stained sky, or the mine-spread sea, or the trench-plowed field to the colleges of America and their graduates there will be the same mobilization of valor. I do not have anxiety as to this. But what I am concerned for is that even without these signals we shall see this connection and shall mobilize or prepare for the mobilization of our learning, our thinking, our conscience, our courage, our industry, our skill, our art, our science, in the service of the same state which as sorely needs defense in peace as ever it needs it in war. I wrote to the philosopher William James a little time before his death, when that now dearly lost philosopher had made me see more clearly this connection and this duty, that I not only wished to enlist myself but that in such a service I would try to raise a regiment for my country. And I have been a recruiting sergeant ever since, trying to fill my phantom regiment for James' invisible and invincible army of those who are willing to pay a blood-tax in peace as well as in war for the privilege of belonging to a "collectivity" superior to their individual selves.

I am wishing that everybody might be conscripted to give some service to the state under a plan of national constructive preparedness, that every selfish luxury and waste and indulgence be commandeered, every useful skill and science and art and industry be called to the colors periodically, and a general mobilization for the common defense of our ideals be compelled by our vision of an America that has a mission beyond commercial supremacy.

An Oxford professor tells of his supreme humiliation at seeing one day men crowding one another to find room in a train going to the races, while the Oxford men were almost literally crowding their way into the trenches, while Oxford halls were filled with wounded Britishers and refugee Belgians. If we could but see as clearly what is actually going on here to-day; for men, and women, too, are crowding one another in running after selfish pleasure and wealth and luxury, while others are literally fighting for them in private shop or public office with as great sacrifice and bravery as those splendid university men have shown on the red edge of the war.

I realize how uneconomical this interruption of customary individual pursuit and gain and turning to temporary employment may all seem at the start, for I have, out on these prairies, "worked out" poll taxes on the roads, with neighbors, rich and poor, but I believe it would be worth while as a mere ceremonial of patriotism and as an outward sign of an inward devotion, that ought not to have to wait for a war to give it expression, as a visible evidence of the "adorable faith" that lives in the true citizen as well as in the true soldier.

It would make "conscript" a noble word by making it synonymous with "citizen" in a republic with a mission and an ideal worth fighting for. Till that time comes may every American university man and woman do what every Cambridge student has done, *conscript himself or herself*, and each one offer to his or her country the best that he or she has to give. May American universities, especially state universities, do what Cambridge has done—not await government mobilization, but mobilize themselves!

I ask you to think of the university students on the other side, of whatever name—Albert, Jacques, or Fritz—who have made the supreme offer, who have endured every conceivable hardship, and have gone to their death without flinching. Is their mobilization of self into the perils and hardships of the selfless not to intimate to us how slight, after all, is our daily sacrifice, with what little fortitude we meet our disagreeable public duty, with what indifference we look upon even our most sacred obligations to the state, and with what neglect we often treat

the lesser ones and what fine adventure we may make of living even in peace and amid the commonplace?

I have borrowed an incident from the life of the convent of St. Francis of Porziuncula, near Assisi (where one brother so deeply mourned the death of another that he would have his skull made into two cups for his daily use), to make it express my tribute to those university brothers of ours across the seas, of whatever nation, and to speak my hope for ourselves, that we who are foremost in opportunity may be foremost in offering to the nation each his or her several gift of self-disciplined, uncomplaining service, in which drudgery, or risk of reputation, or loss of comfort, shall become as an equivalent for that ineffable thing which men have for ages won in war.

Brave fellow, who hast died for others' sake
In some wet, fetid trench or blasted field,
I beg of earth thy skull that it may be
A deathless symbol of thy fortitude!
I'd make of this, thy crown, two porringers,
One for my food and one for drink, that I
Touching in hunger or in thirst their rims
Might learn to face without complaint my ills,
Shun softness, luxury, and paunched ease,
Know the close comradeship of fearless men
In such democracy as cheers the fit,
Endure misfortune without bitterness,
And fight as fiercely for my troubled land
As thou, O valiant one, hast fought for thine.

I'd scour all Europe's battlefields to find
Such cups in which to pledge my country's life.



